



World of Fairy Tales

The Three Little Pigs and Little Red Riding Hood

Two Tales and Their Histories



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Published in 2010 by Windmill Books, LLC
303 Park Avenue South, Suite # 1280, New York, NY 10010-3657

Adaptations to North American Edition © 2010 Windmill Books

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Editor (Arcturus): Carron Brown

Designer: Steve Flight

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Brown, Carron.

The three little pigs and Little Red Riding Hood : two tales and their histories / Carron Brown.

— 1st North American ed.

p. cm.— (World of fairy tales)

Summary: A retelling, accompanied by a brief history, of the two well-known tales in the first of which three pig brothers leave home to seek their fortunes and encounter a big bad wolf and, in the second, a little girl meets a hungry wolf in the forest while going to visit to her grandmother.

ISBN 978-1-60754-640-5 (library binding)—ISBN 978-1-60754-641-2 (pbk.)

ISBN 978-1-60754-642-9 (6-pack)

1. Fairy tales. [1. Fairy tales. 2. Folklore—English. 3. Folklore—German.] I. Three little pigs. English. II. Little Red Riding Hood. English. III. Title. IV. Title: Three little pigs and Little Red Riding Hood. V. Title: Little Red Riding Hood.

PZ8.B697Th 2010

[398.2]—dc22

2009037522

Printed in China

CPSIA Compliance Information: Batch #AW0102W: For further information contact Windmill Books, New York, New York at 1-866-478-0556.

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The Three Little Pigs



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A MOTHER PIG who had three little pigs. When they were old enough, she sent them out to seek their fortune. She gave the first one a cap to keep his ears warm. She gave the second one a scarf to keep his neck warm. She gave the third one a pair of shoes so that he would not hurt his feet. Then the mother pig hugged her little pigs warmly.

“Look out for the big bad wolf,” she cried, waving her handkerchief. “He is very clever. Don’t let him get you!”





When they came to the crossroads, the three little pigs parted company, each setting off in a different direction. The first took the right-hand road, the second took the left-hand road, and the third went straight ahead.

The first little pig met a man carrying a straw bale.

"Please," he asked, "give me your straw to build my house with. In exchange I'll give you my cap."

The man gave him his straw bale and put the cap on his head.

The first little pig was lazy and he lay down on the straw for a nap. When he woke up, he stuck four posts into the ground, then built a round straw house, with a big door and small windows. Settled inside, the first little pig thought he was safe.



But the big bad wolf, who
was very hungry, came by.
He knocked on the door and
called out in his loud voice:

“Little pig, little
pig, let me come in!”

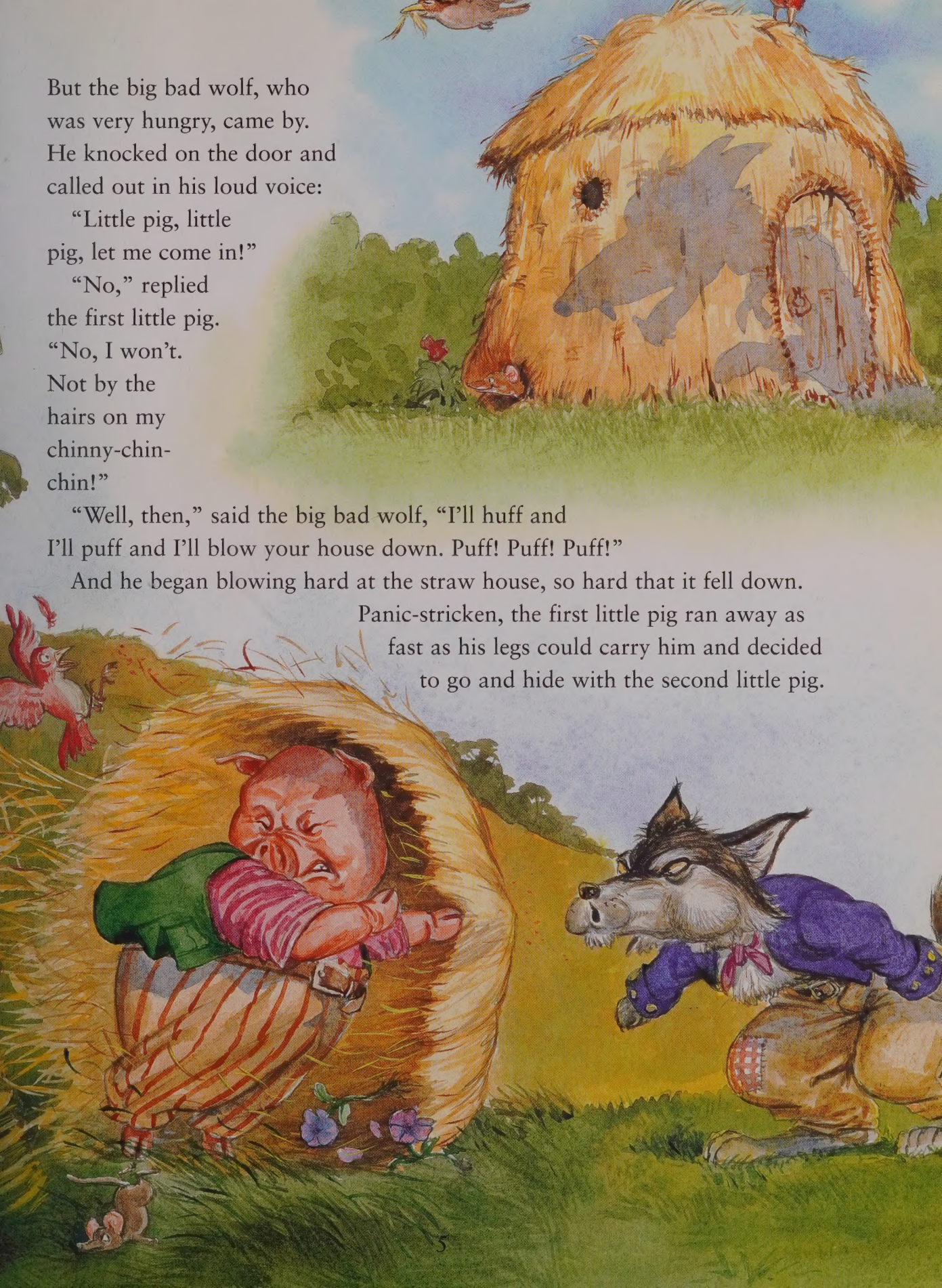
“No,” replied
the first little pig.

“No, I won’t.
Not by the
hairs on my
chinny-chin-
chin!”

“Well, then,” said the big bad wolf, “I’ll huff and
I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down. Puff! Puff! Puff!”

And he began blowing hard at the straw house, so hard that it fell down.

Panic-stricken, the first little pig ran away as
fast as his legs could carry him and decided
to go and hide with the second little pig.





On his way, the second little pig met a man carrying wooden planks on his back.

“Please,” he asked, “give me this wood to build my house with. In exchange, I’ll give you my scarf.”

The man gave him his wood and put on the scarf. The second little pig was clumsy. First, he broke half the planks. Then he drove his posts in lopsided. Finally, he nearly fell off the roof.

However, he managed to build a crooked house, with such a small door that he had to stoop to get in and such high windows that he had to stand on tiptoes to open them. He had just finished when the first pig arrived.

“The big bad wolf tried to eat me,” he told his brother. “I beg you, let me hide with you in your house.”

And the second little pig let his brother into his wooden house. Both thought they were safe there.





But the big bad
wolf, who was still
hungry, came by.
He knocked on the
door and called out
in his loud voice:

“Little pig, little
pig, let me come in!”

“No,” replied the second
little pig. “No, I won’t. Not by the
hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!”

“Well, then,” said the big bad wolf, “I’ll push and I’ll pull and I’ll tear
your house down. Push! Push! Push!”

And he began pushing and pulling the wooden house as hard as he could,
so hard that it fell down. The first little pig and the second little pig ran as
fast as they could. They decided to go and hide with the third little pig.





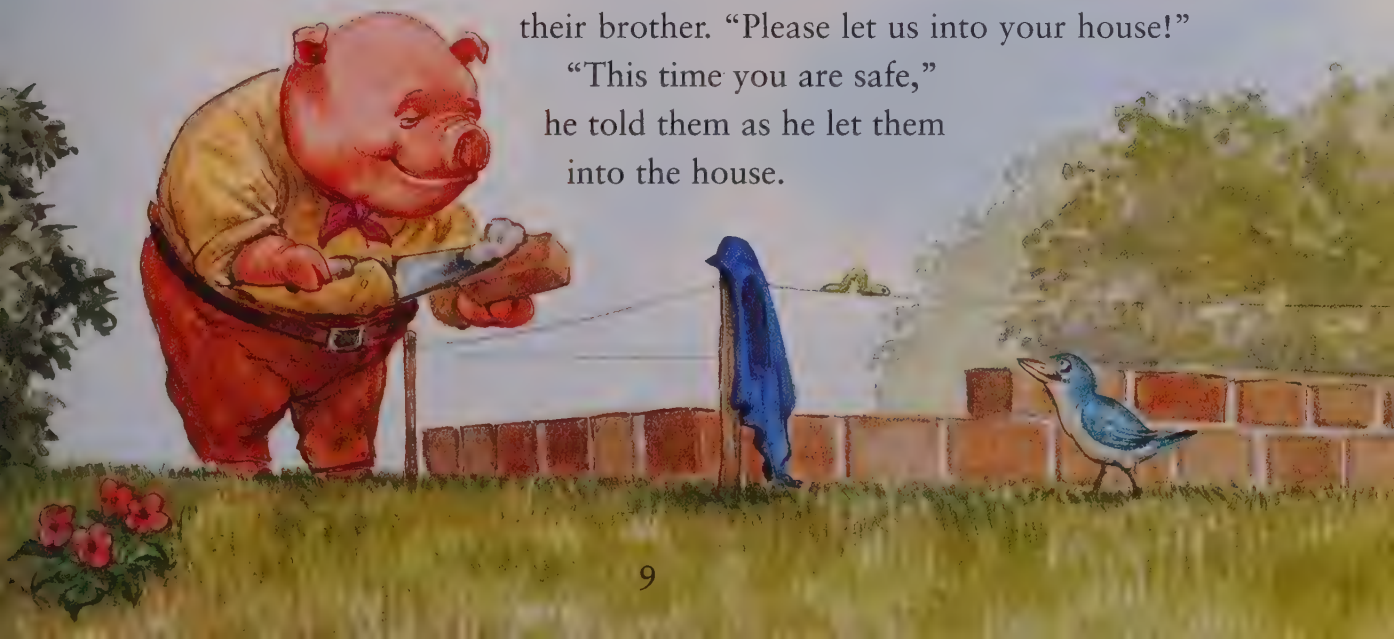
Meanwhile, on his way, the third little pig met a man carrying bricks.

"Please," he asked, "give me those bricks to build my house with. In exchange, I'll give you my shoes."

The man gave him the bricks and put on the shoes. The third little pig was clever and hardworking. First, he counted his bricks and then he put up his posts. Finally, he built four straight walls and a strong roof. His house was square, with a fine door and pretty windows. He had just finished when the first and second little pigs arrived.

"The big bad wolf tried to eat us," they told their brother. "Please let us into your house!"

"This time you are safe," he told them as he let them into the house.





The big bad wolf, who was still hungry, came by. He knocked on the door and called out in his loud voice:

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”

“No,” replied the third little pig. “No, I won’t. Not by the hairs of my chinny-chin-chin!”

“Well, then,” said the big bad wolf, “I’ll knock and I’ll bang and I’ll smash your house down. Bang! Bang! Bang!”

And he began knocking and banging as hard as he could on the brick house, but it did not fall down.



The big bad wolf was exhausted and getting hungrier and hungrier, so he decided to try a trick. He approached the keyhole and said to the third little pig:

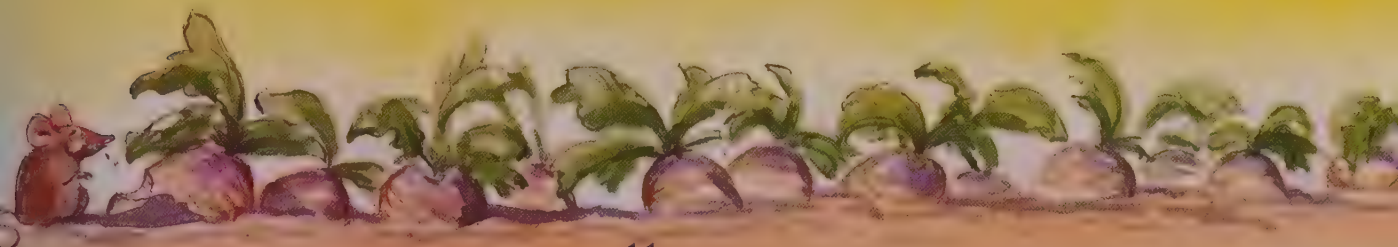
“Little pig, little pig, I know where you can find some big fat turnips.”

“Where?” asked the third little pig.

“In Mr. Ploughman’s vegetable garden. Get up early tomorrow. I’ll fetch you. We’ll go together to pull some up. You can cook them for lunch.”

“All right,” said the third little pig. “What time do you want to go there?”

“Six o’clock,” replied the big bad wolf.



The next morning, the third little pig woke up at five o'clock. He got dressed quickly and ran to Mr. Ploughman's. He collected plenty of good fat turnips and took them home. The first little pig peeled the turnips. The second little pig cut them up. The third little pig lit the fire and set the big pot on the logs to cook.

At six o'clock the big bad wolf arrived.

"Little pig, little pig, are you ready?"

"Oh yes," replied the third little pig. "I've been ready a long time. I've already been to Mr. Ploughman's and his turnips are cooking in my pot."

The big bad wolf, who was getting hungrier and hungrier, tried to hide his frustration. He approached the keyhole and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, little pig, I know where to find some fine plump apples."

"Where?" asked the third little pig.

"Behind Mr. Cox's house. Get up early tomorrow. I'll fetch you. We'll go and pick them together. You can bake them. You can make a lovely pie."

"All right," said the third little pig. "That's a very good idea. What time do you want to go there?"

"Five o'clock," replied the big bad wolf.





The next morning, the third little pig woke up at four o'clock. He got dressed quickly and ran behind Mr. Cox's house. He climbed up the tree and began to gather plenty of fine plump apples. He was about to climb down when, through the branches, he caught a glimpse of the big bad wolf creeping up on tiptoes.

"Little pig, are you there already? Why didn't you wait for me?"

"I got up very early," replied the little pig.

The big bad wolf began pacing around the tree, licking his chops.

"Are the apples ripe?" he asked.

"Oh yes," replied the little pig. "Look, here's one!"

And he threw the apple a long way. The wolf ran to pick it up. Meanwhile, the little pig climbed down the tree and ran home as fast as he could. He double-locked the door.

The first little pig peeled the apples. The second little pig cut them up. The third little pig lit the fire and set the big pot on the logs to make a fine apple stew.



The next morning, the big bad wolf, who was getting hungrier and hungrier, came to knock at the door.

“Little pig, little pig,” he said through the keyhole, “there’s a party in the next village. Do you want to come with me?”

The three little pigs were still asleep. When they heard the big bad wolf calling, they awoke with a start. The first little pig hid under the sheets. The second little pig put his head under the pillow. The third little pig sat up and rubbed his eyes.

“I’m not awake yet,” he cried. “Go to the party by yourself. When you come back, I’ll have a surprise for you.”

“What surprise?” asked the big bad wolf.

“I’ve got a fine turnip mash and a fine apple stew. I’ll make you supper.”

“That’s a good idea,” said the big bad wolf. “I’ll be back at seven o’clock.”



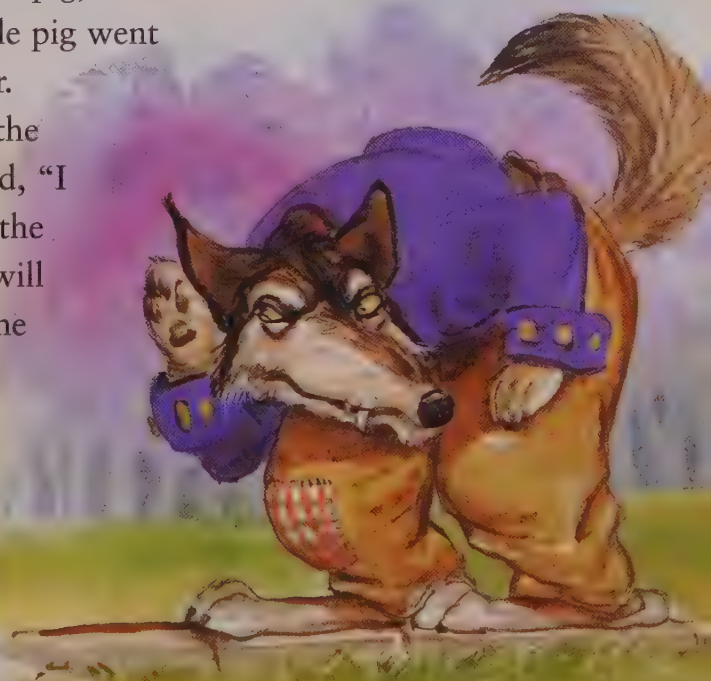
The wolf went to the party by himself. The three little pigs got up quickly. They ate all the turnip mash and apple stew. Then the first little pig fetched a pile of logs, which he put in the fireplace. The second little pig filled the pot with water and the third little pig set it on the fire.

At seven o'clock, the big bad wolf came back from the party. He ran to the little pig's house and called through the keyhole:

"Little pig, little pig, I'm here. Let me in!"

The third little pig went up to the door.

"I've lost the key," he said, "I can't open the door. You will have to come down the chimney."





The big bad wolf, who was now hungrier than ever, climbed onto the roof and slid down the chimney. The first little pig blew on the fire. The second little pig made sure the water was boiling hot. The third little pig took off the pot's lid. The wolf began to climb down the chimney.

Suddenly, he fell head first into the pot! He gave a great yell, jumped in the air, fell on his feet, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

The three little pigs lived happily ever after. They never heard anything more of the big bad wolf.



THE END





Little Red Riding Hood

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A PRETTY LITTLE girl called Red Riding Hood. She was called this because one day her grandmother had given her a beautiful red cloak with a red hood. She was so sweet that she looked like a red poppy. She lived with her parents in a house on the edge of the forest. Little Red Riding Hood was happy and spent her time dreaming. She was also very good and kind, and she always had a thousand thoughts in her head and a thousand presents for her parents and her dear grandmother.



One day, her grandmother fell ill. Little Red Riding Hood's mother filled a basket with lovely food and said to her daughter:

“Your grandmother can't get out of bed. Take her this cake and pot of butter and spend the day with her.”

Her grandmother lived far away, in another village. To get to her house, she had to go through the dangerous forest.



So, before she set out, Little Red Riding Hood's mother gave her some final advice:

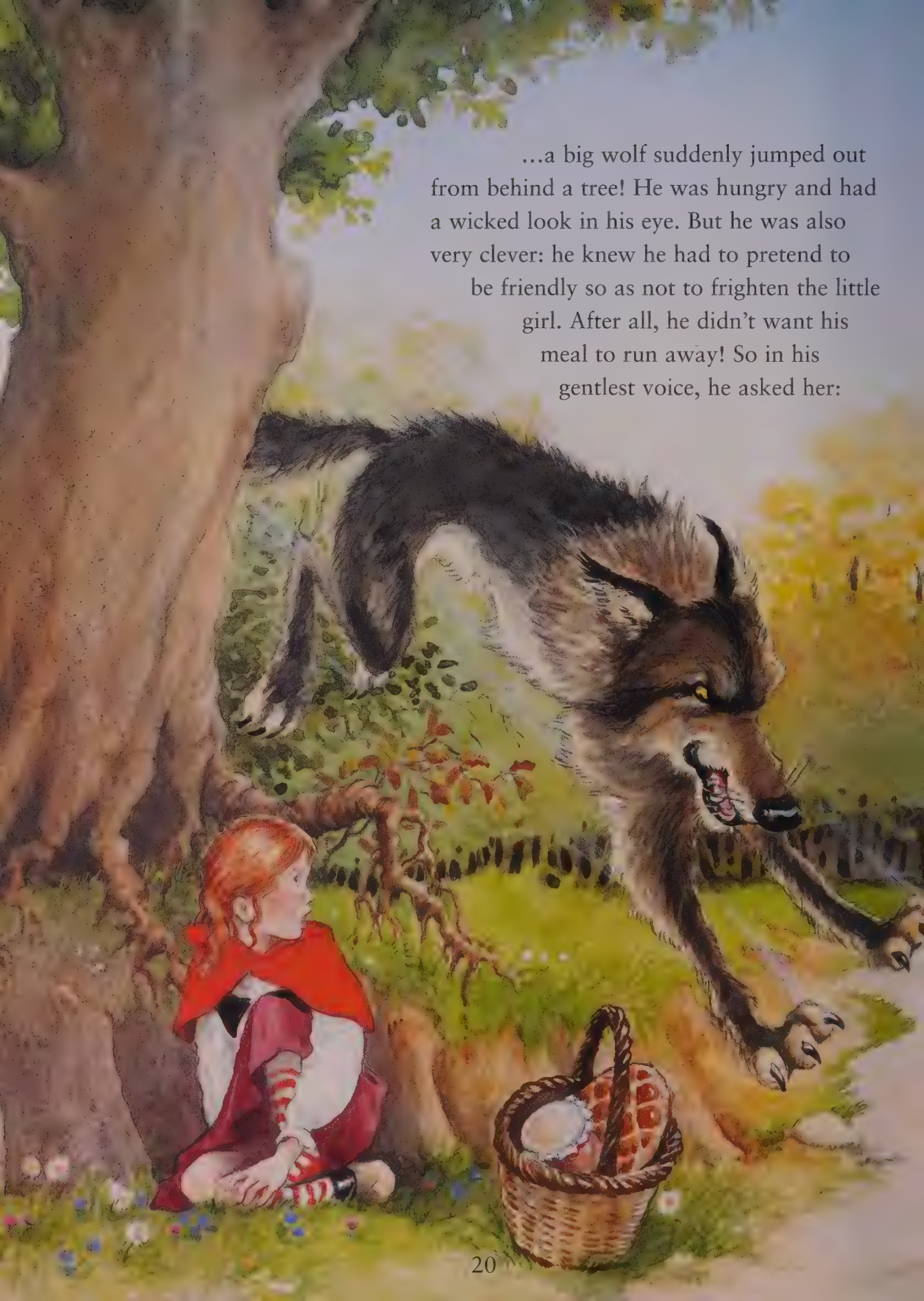
"Be careful on the road, don't talk to anybody and make sure to come home before nightfall."

Little Red Riding Hood promised to pay attention and waved her hand merrily. She went on her way feeling happy. She trotted along the path, looking at the flowers and birds.

Grandmother will be delighted if I bring her a pretty bunch of flowers, thought the little girl, forgetting her mother's advice. And while she was putting down her basket to pick some flowers...



...a big wolf suddenly jumped out from behind a tree! He was hungry and had a wicked look in his eye. But he was also very clever: he knew he had to pretend to be friendly so as not to frighten the little girl. After all, he didn't want his meal to run away! So in his gentlest voice, he asked her:



“Where are you going, little girl, all alone in the forest?”

“I am taking a cake with a pot of butter to my grandmother, who is ill,” Little Red Riding Hood replied, politely.

As she looked at him with her innocent eyes, he imagined the feast he was soon going to enjoy and was already licking his chops.



The wolf had eaten nothing for three days, so he was longing to gobble her up. In his sweetest voice he asked her:

“Does your grandmother live far away?”

“Yes, her house is on the other side of the forest.”

“You know, I’d love to meet your grandmother,” said the wolf. “If you like, I’ll take this road and you can take that one, and we will see who gets there first!”

“Alright,” replied the little girl, forgetting everything her mother had said.

Quickly, the wolf, who knew the forest very well, took the shortest road and ran as fast as he could.





Meanwhile, Little Red Riding Hood wandered dreamily along her slow and winding way. And, since the day was fine, she enjoyed herself picking hazelnuts, gathering bunches of flowers, and chasing butterflies.



The wolf did not take long to arrive at the grandmother's house. Little Red Riding Hood was far behind! The wolf crept up on tiptoe and knocked on the door. Knock, knock, knock.

"Who's there?" asked the grandmother.

"It's your granddaughter bringing you a cake and a pot of butter," replied the wolf, copying Little Red Riding Hood's voice. The poor grandmother didn't notice a thing and called from her bed:

"Lift the latch."

The wolf lifted the latch and the door opened at once. With his claws outstretched, he opened his great mouth, showing his pointed teeth. He flung himself on the grandmother and ate her up!

With his belly now as round as a balloon, the wolf licked his whiskers. Then he shut the door, put on grandmother's nightcap and glasses, and lay down in the bed to wait for Little Red Riding Hood.





The little girl arrived singing and knocked on the door. Knock, knock, knock.

“Who’s there?” asked the wolf in his big voice.

At first, Little Red Riding Hood was frightened when she heard this voice. But knowing her grandmother had a cold, she replied:

“It’s your granddaughter bringing you a cake and a pot of butter.”

The wolf called again in a softer voice:

“Lift the latch!” Little Red Riding Hood lifted the latch and the door opened.

When she went up to the bed, the wolf pulled up the blanket to hide himself.

“Come here, my little one,” said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood went up to the wolf and exclaimed:

“Oh, grandmother, what big arms you’ve got!”

“All the better to hug you with, my child!” the wolf smiled.

“Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you’ve got!” exclaimed the little girl again.

“All the better to see you with, my child!” said the wolf.

“Oh, grandmother, what big ears you’ve got!” cried Little Red Riding Hood.

“All the better to hear you with, my child!” replied the wolf.

“Oh, grandmother, what big teeth you’ve got!” gasped the little girl.

“All the better to eat you up!” roared the wolf, showing his big mouth and teeth.

Poor Red Riding Hood didn’t have time to realize what was happening. The wolf jumped out and gobbled the little girl up.

He gazed at his big belly, which was full at last. Satisfied, he lay down on the bed, feeling like he needed a rest. He soon fell asleep and his snoring grew louder and louder.





A passing hunter noticed a strange noise. He wondered how the old lady could snore so loud. Intrigued, he opened the cottage door and found the wolf fast asleep in the old lady's bed. As he lifted his gun to shoot the animal, he realized that the wolf must have eaten the grandmother. Perhaps there was still time to save her!

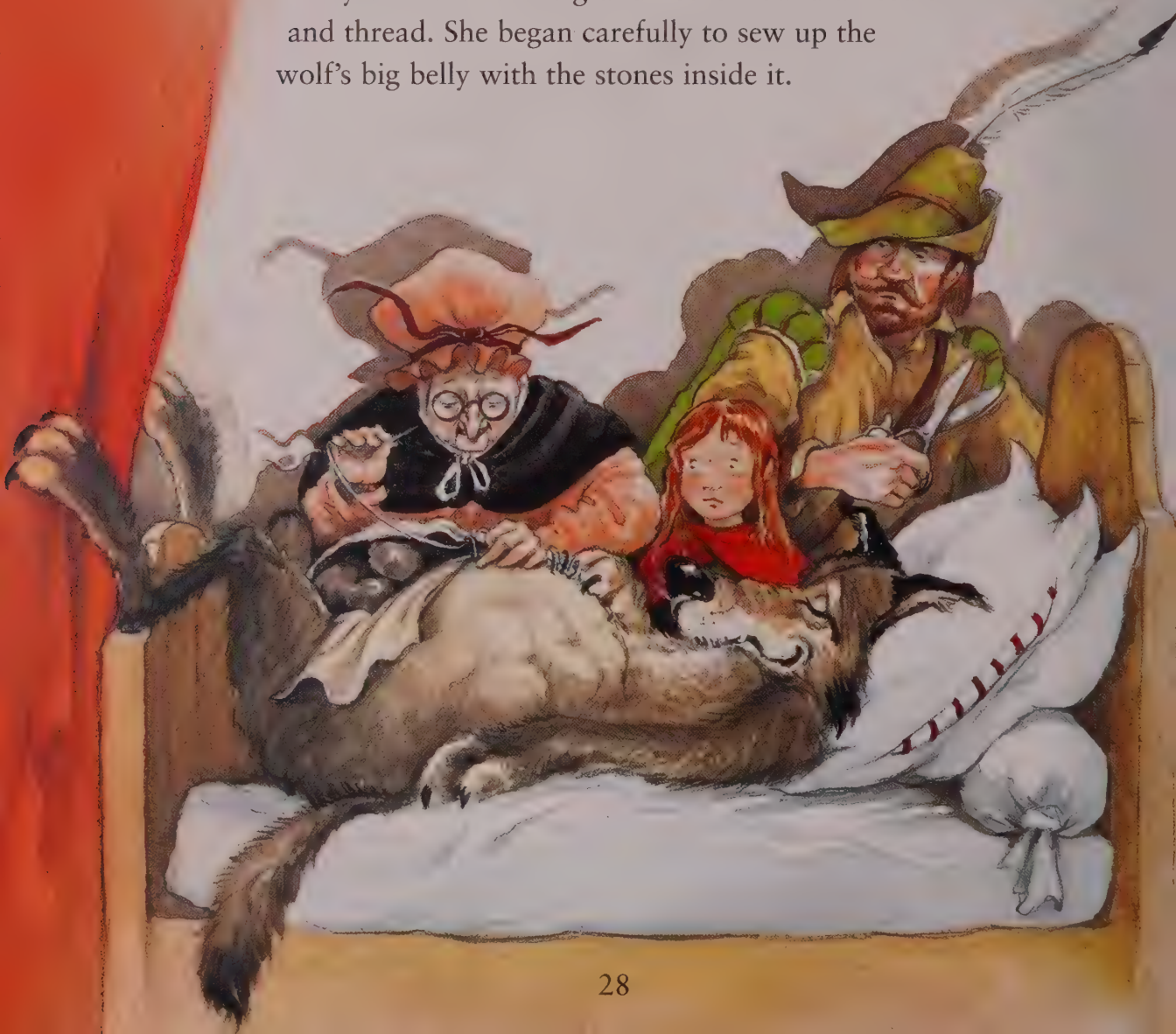
The hunter put down his gun. Then, since the wolf was still fast asleep, he picked up a big pair of scissors and cut open his belly.

Then he saw Little Red Riding Hood, who popped out, exclaiming:

“Oh! How dark it was in the wolf’s belly!”

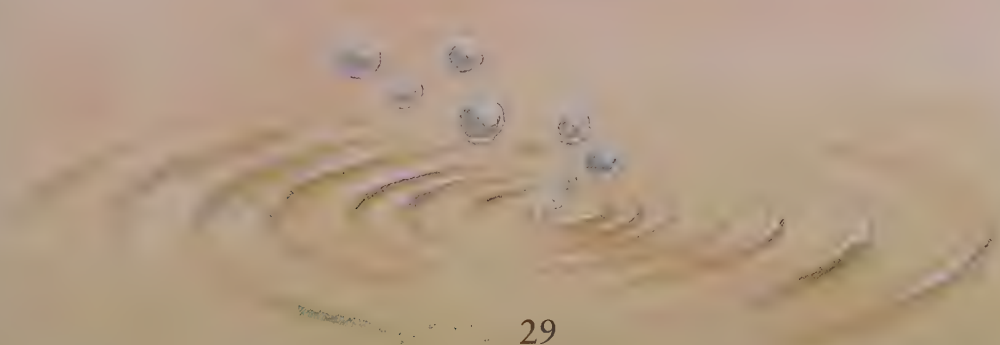
The grandmother came out soon after. She was still alive but could barely breathe.

Then Little Red Riding Hood went to get some big stones, and she and the hunter filled the wolf’s belly with them. The grandmother found a needle and thread. She began carefully to sew up the wolf’s big belly with the stones inside it.





Once the sewing was done, grandmother, the hunter, and Little Red Riding Hood hid behind a tree, not far from the house. Soon the wolf woke up and felt that his belly was heavy. He got out of bed to go and drink some water from the pond near the house. As the wolf leaned over the water to drink, the weight of the stones dragged him down into it, and he sank straight to the bottom of the pond and drowned.





The wicked wolf was never seen again. The hunter left, and grandmother ate the cake and the pot of butter and felt much better at once. As for Little Red Riding Hood, she swore that she would never disobey her mother again.

THE END



History of The Three Little Pigs

This fairy tale was first printed in the 1840s, but it was probably around for many years before that. It was first published in *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales* by the English writer James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips in 1843. In 1890, the story as we know it today was published in *English Fairy Tales* by the Australian historian Joseph Jacobs. In both these versions, the first pig and the second pig are eaten by the wolf when the straw and wooden houses are blown down. It is only the third pig who survives when he tricks the wolf down the chimney to meet his death in the boiling pot of water.

In most versions of the tale, the pigs do not have names. However, in Scottish folklorist Andrew Lang's *Green Fairy Book*, published in 1892, the first and eldest pig is called Brownie, the second pig is called Whitey and the third and youngest pig is called Blacky. The third pig is also the most handsome.

A similar tale to "The Three Little Pigs" is "Wolf and the Seven Little Kids" by the famous German authors the Brothers Grimm. It dates from the 19th century, and tells of a mother goat warning her seven kids not to open the door to a bad wolf when she is away gathering food. It is thought that the phrase "Not by the hairs of my chinny-chin-chin!" originally came from this tale as pigs do not have hairs on their chins, but goats do.

This story follows a common fairy tale theme of leaving home to seek a fortune. The three pigs are building their own lives away from their parents for the first time, and are hoping they will be successful.

The lesson to be learned from "The Three Little Pigs" is that to work hard and think creatively will help you be successful, and the third pig was careful and worked very hard to build his house whereas the first pig was lazy and built his house in a hurry. The second pig did not give much thought to how his house should be built, and so it was easy to blow down its crooked walls.



History of Little Red Riding Hood

It is not known how old the tale of “Little Red Riding Hood” is. It came from European folklore and before that perhaps from ancient Asia, and was not written down, but passed on from person to person by oral tradition (passed on by word of mouth).

In 1697, the French author Charles Perrault created the first written version of the story. Perrault gave the girl her red cape and in his tale, Red Riding Hood and her grandmother both die. He also created the food items for grandmother’s food basket, although in later stories more food items have been added to the basket, so that Red Riding Hood is carrying quite a feast.

The red riding hood may have been a hat or a cap in earlier versions of the story. In the late 19th century, the German authors The Brothers Grimm called their tale “Little Red Cap” and both the girl and her grandmother are saved by a hunter. This story is the one that is told today.

There is a French tale called “The Story of Grandmother” that was written in 1884 after the unknown author heard the tale being told. In this version, Red Riding Hood realizes something is wrong and begs to go to the outhouse outside the house. Once free of the wolf, she runs away.

Since its first publication in 1697, “Little Red Riding Hood” has grown in popularity, especially because of its ending in which the girl questions the wolf in her grandmother’s clothing about his hairy arms, big eyes, and big teeth—this question-and-answer conversation adds a great deal of suspense to the story.

The moral of this tale is to heed the warnings of others because they will keep you safe from harm. Little Red Riding Hood did not listen to her mother and so she and her grandmother almost came to a frightening end. It is also a warning not to talk to strangers.

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978-1-60754-640-5



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W3-CXH-158